



GIRL meets BOY

Derek Strange



PENGUIN READERS

Girl Meets Boy

And suddenly there he was, this tall, quiet boy in a blue and white shirt . . . I'll always remember the first time I saw him.

Donna is on a boat. She is going to Spain with her family for a holiday. On the boat she sees Mark, a tall, good-looking boy. But Mark is very shy and he doesn't talk to her on the boat. Who will help them to meet? Will they be together?

Derek Strange writes books and stories for young people. He lives in London with his family. He has one son; his name is Mark. In July 1993, Derek and Mark went to Spain on a boat for a holiday . . .

Dictionary words:

- Some words in this book are dark black. Find them in your dictionary or try to understand them with no dictionary first.

Girl Meets Boy

DEREK STRANGE

Level 1

Series Editors: Andy Hopkins and Jocelyn Potter

Addison Wesley Longman Limited
Edinburgh Gate, Harlow,
Essex CM20 2JE, England
and Associated Companies throughout the world.

ISBN 0 582 40111 9

First published by Penguin Books 1995
This edition first published 1998

Text copyright © Derek Strange 1995
Illustrations copyright © Bob Harvey (Pennant Illustration Agency) 1995
All rights reserved

The moral right of the author and of the illustrator has been asserted

Typeset by Datix International Limited, Bungay, Suffolk
Set in 12/14pt Lasercomp Bembo
Printed in Spain by Mateu Cromo, S.A. Pinto (Madrid)

*All rights reserved; no part of this publication may be reproduced, stored
in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means,
electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the
prior written permission of the Publishers.*

Published by Addison Wesley Longman Limited in association with
Penguin Books Ltd., both companies being subsidiaries of Pearson Plc

Donna's story



My story starts in late July. It was July 21st, I think. It was the first day of our holiday, a hot July day. I stood in the sun and looked at the sea. It was eleven o'clock in the morning. I was on the boat at Portsmouth with my mother and father and my sister, Louise. Sea **birds** played near our big boat and the small boats near us on the sea.

I started to look at the people with us on our boat. They all watched the sea birds and talked and **laughed**. They were all happy on the first day of their holiday too. And suddenly there he was, this tall, quiet boy in a blue and white shirt: he was *really* **good-looking**. I'll always remember the first time I saw him.

Wow! He's lovely.

Look!





He didn't see me then. He was with some friends. One of the boys was his brother, I think: they had the same blue eyes, the same mouth and nose, nearly the same hair. His brother and one of the boys with him tried to catch the sea birds and he smiled at them. Then they came and stood near us, and they talked about the small boats on the sea. I watched him over Louise's head all the time!

His brother and his friends made a lot of noise, but he was quiet and didn't talk a lot. Then suddenly he looked at me and his eyes stayed quietly on me . . . and he smiled his lovely smile with his shy blue eyes.



The people near me on the boat, the sun, the sea, the birds, the noise of his friends, time - it all stopped. At that **moment** there was only him and me, me and him. Him and his smile for me. Only the two of us.

Slowly, very slowly, the boat started to move away, across the water to Spain. It takes a day and a night on the boat from Portsmouth to Santander, in Spain. A day and a night **together**, on the same boat with him . . .

We'll be on this boat for a day and a night. Perhaps I can talk to him before we arrive there . . . Perhaps I'll see him again this evening . . .



It was a big new boat with cafes, shops, a cinema and a **disco**. In the evening Louise and I went to the disco together. We had a Coke and listened to the **music** and watched the dancers. But he wasn't there.

Then suddenly a tall boy in a black and white shirt came in — it was him! He was with a friend. They stopped and looked slowly at all the people in the disco. It was dark in there and he stood and looked for a long time.



Then he saw me and he smiled a big, friendly smile. I wanted to stand up and sing and dance . . . dance with *him*. He came across the room and stopped near our table . . . and he asked me to dance!



Suddenly he wasn't shy with me. We danced together for a long time after that.

But then I looked up and there was a second tall boy in a blue and white shirt at the door of the disco, with the same eyes and the same mouth and nearly the same hair.



But the boy near the door had that **nice**, quiet, shy face — not a big, open, friendly smile. Suddenly I knew: this was his brother with me on the dance-floor, not *him*! I was with the wrong brother!

He stood for a moment near the door and watched me and his brother on the dance-floor with sad eyes. I wanted to run to him, to take his sad face in my hands and say 'sorry'. He looked at me, then he went out quickly.



I stopped dancing, walked back to my table and sat down. His brother started to dance with Louise.



I didn't sleep that night. I thought about him all the time, and listened to the noises of the boat and the sea. In the morning I went to the cafe at eight o'clock and waited there with my sister for a long time. I wanted to say 'sorry' to him. I had four cups of coffee, and I don't really like coffee.

But he didn't come. Where was he? Where was he?

At eleven o'clock we arrived in Santander. I wanted to stop the boat: I wanted to stop the holiday; I wanted to go back to England. I only wanted to see him again, to talk to him, to ask his name.

But he wasn't there.

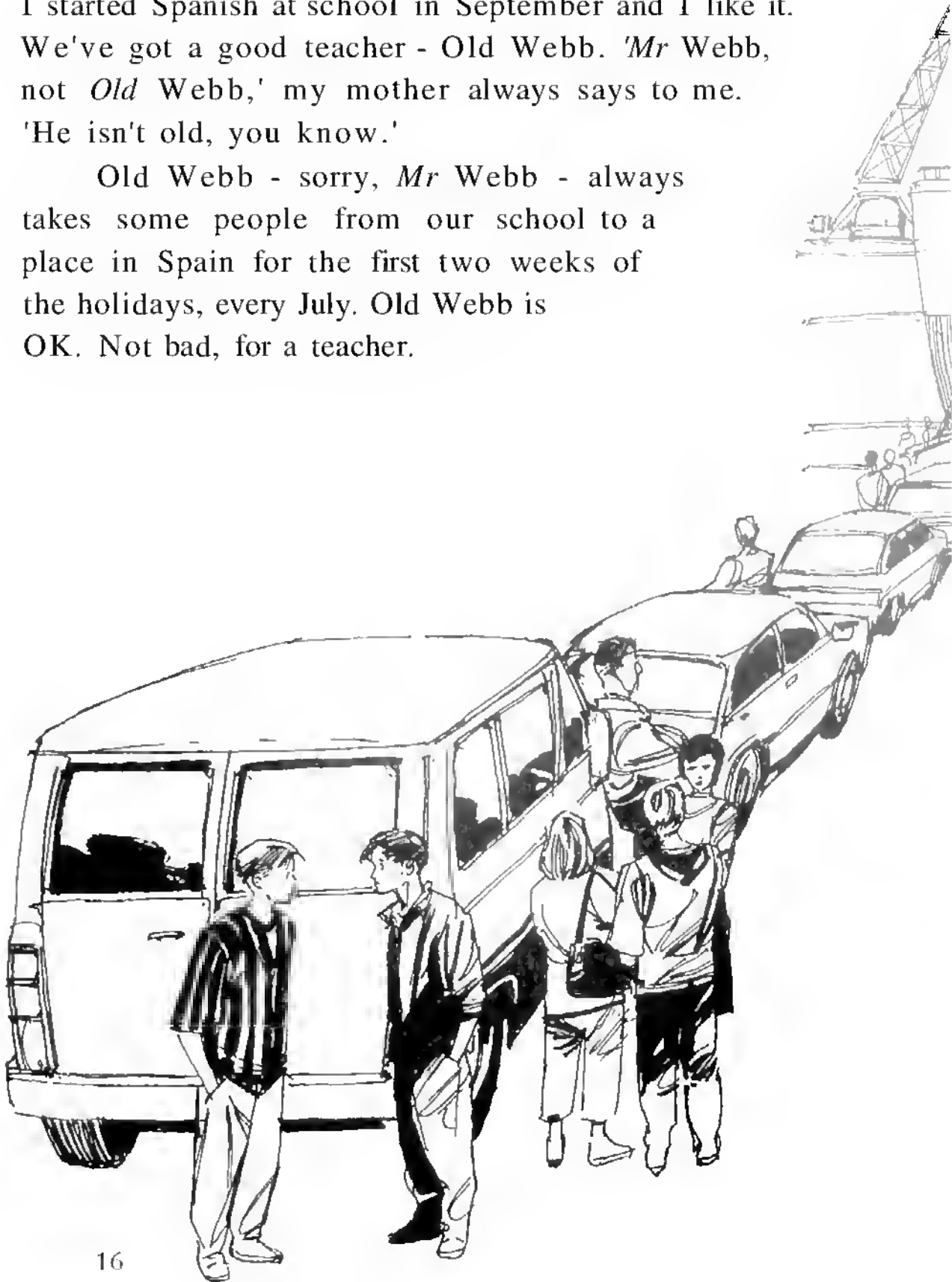
Where are you?
I want to see you again.

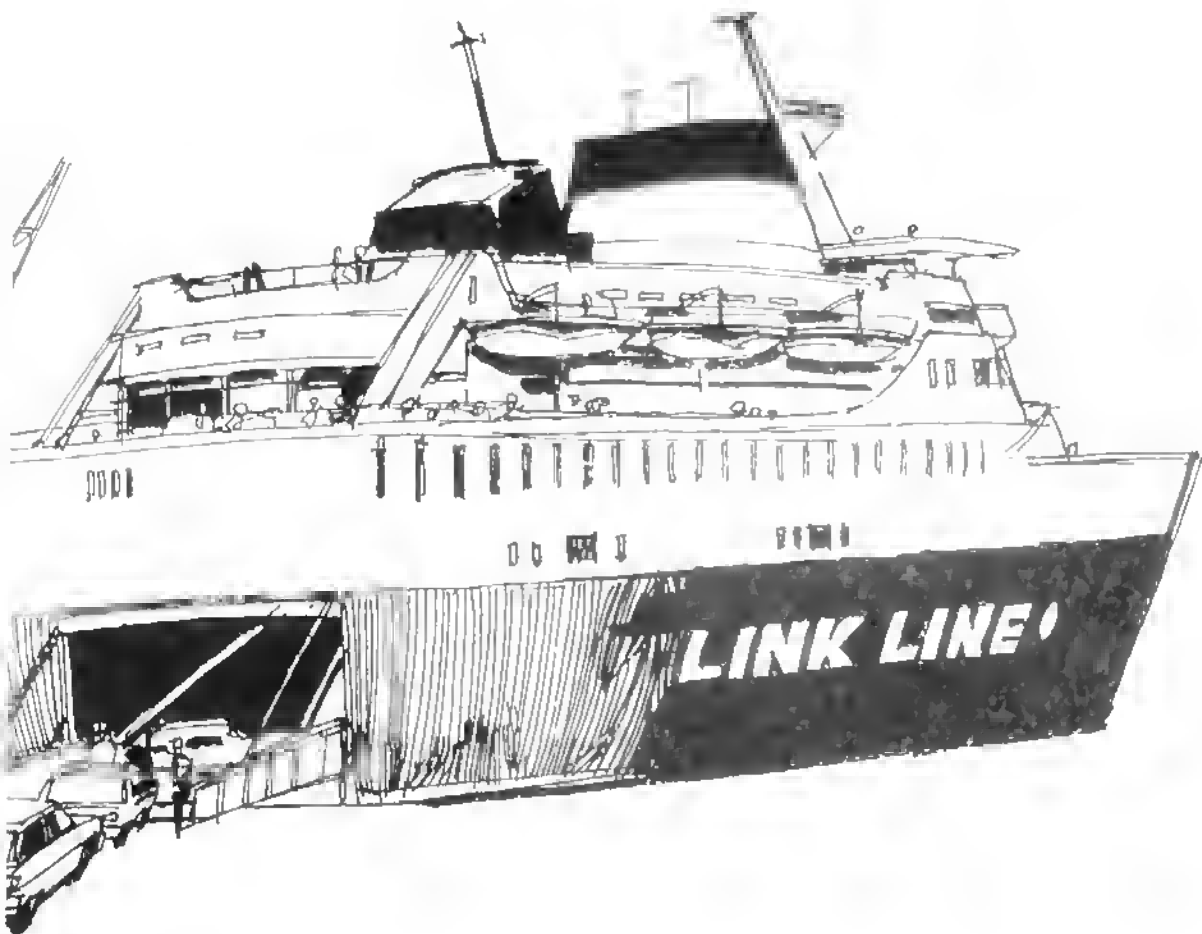


Mark's story

I started Spanish at school in September and I like it. We've got a good teacher - Old Webb. *Mr Webb*, not *Old Webb*, my mother always says to me. 'He isn't old, you know.'

Old Webb - sorry, *Mr Webb* - always takes some people from our school to a place in Spain for the first two weeks of the holidays, every July. Old Webb is OK. Not bad, for a teacher.





We were at Portsmouth with Old Webb - sorry, *Mr* Webb - and Mrs Webb. She's from Argentina; all the boys think she's good-looking, too. There were six of us with the Webbs: Harry Potts and his sister Sonia, Nick Atkins (he's a good friend), Sue Bellamy (she's clever), my brother Dave and me (we're fourteen and we're good friends too . . . usually).

There were hundreds of people on the boat. It was hot in the sun, a lovely day. People watched the sea and the small boats. I liked being in the sun and thinking

about the two weeks holiday in

Spain. Old Webb started one of his stories about Argentina, but I didn't

listen. I started to look at the people. And this girl was there, near me, a really good-

looking girl with nice brown eyes and black hair.

Mmm. She's nice.
And she's looking at me!



I'm really shy and I'm not very good with girls. I didn't talk to her then, but I watched her with her sister and her mother and father. Then they walked away and she smiled at me for a moment before they went. My brother Dave saw her, and he laughed quietly at my red face.

Hey! She's smiling at you . . . and you're all red in the face - you're in love! Hey, man! You're in love!

